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THE DEACON'S PIETY.

IT WAS EQUAL TO ALL OCCASIONS AND LASTED OVER EIGHTY YEARS.

Suspended Religious Services Indefinitely to Nurse the Victims of a Smallpox Epidemic—An Example In This as He Was In Devotion to the Flag.

Deacon William Trowbridge was a small farmer living near Sheboygan Falls. He went there over 50 years ago. Besides tilling a little patch of ground the deacon, who was indeed the very soul of honor and ever had the respect and confidence of all in that community, was in the habit, before regular preachers were sent there, of reading a sermon or exhorting. There was no sham about Deacon Trowbridge's piety. He was sincerity itself.

Fifty years ago the little village was visited by a smallpox epidemic—an old fashioned, widespread and spreading epidemic—and they didn't know how to scotch it as well as they do now.

The first Sunday after the dreaded disease made its appearance the deacon's congregation was quite large. At the end of the services he made an announcement in about these words:

"These services will be postponed until after the smallpox disappears from the community. From this on I shall give my services to the stricken families. I shall minister to their wants, help to nurse them, and when they die follow them to the grave. It may be a long term or it may be a short term, but, however long or however short, it is my plain duty to help my distressed neighbors."

The word was well suited to the action which followed. The good old deacon hurried to his home, changed his clothes, bade his family goodby and at once began his work of mercy. What a work it was! The epidemic lasted nearly all winter. Large numbers died. Few in the village escaped the disease. The deacon's example was followed by others. Men went to their homes, told their wives and children what the deacon had said and was doing, arranged their business, provided fuel and provisions, kissed their dear ones and went to the aid of the unfortunate. Like the deacon they went without reward or hope of reward. Like him they spent weeks and some of them months in that service without daring to go home lest their dear ones catch the disease.

The strangest of all this strange experience is the fact that neither the deacon, the good souls who imitated his example nor their families were overtaken by the malady, notwithstanding the fact that the watchers, helpers and nurses were almost constantly in the presence of the suffering patients and notwithstanding the fact that they laid out and helped to bury the dead.

Nearly half of the deacon's congregation had disappeared when, the next spring, he resumed services in the schoolhouse. It was a sorrowful Sunday. Those in the audience who had not lost members of their family had lost neighbors and dear friends. When the good old Christian had read a chapter, prayed and talked a practical sermon, he referred feelingly to the scenes through which the community had passed. I think every man, woman and child in the room, including the deacon, wept. At the close of the talk he asked all present to join him on their knees in asking that the community might escape such visitations for all time to come. It was a most earnest appeal. I believe that that prayer has been answered. There may have been a few cases of smallpox there since then, but there has never been an epidemic.

The Sunday after Sumter was fired upon, and while Deacon Trowbridge was conducting services in the Baptist church, the denomination to which he belonged for over 80 years, he and his congregation were disturbed by a great commotion in the street right in front of the church. There were beating of drums and sounds of fife much out of tune. It was so uncommon a thing that most of the congregation walked or ran out of the church. Finally the deacon closed the Bible and slowly followed his fleeing flock. When outside, he asked the cause of "this unseemly disturbance on the Lord's day." Some one told him that the president had called for soldiers to uphold the honor and the flag of the nation and that they were going to raise a company right then and there.

The old deacon's eyes flashed as he walked out into the street, where a young fellow was irregularly pounding a bass drum, and said: "Nathan, I know it is Sunday and that all but the Lord's work should be abandoned, but the saving of our country and the shielding of its flag from dishonor is the Lord's work. Give me that drum." And that model of piety strapped on the big drum and went to pounding, greatly outdoing Nathan in two respects—he made more noise and kept perfect time. He drummed as no one before had never drummed in the little village. As if it had gone on lightning wings, word flew through the community that Deacon Trowbridge had left his pulpit to beat a drum, and on Sunday too.

Within half an hour nearly every one in town and many from the outskirts had gathered around the old drummer, all cheering him, and on Sunday too. That night Nathan Cole, who had been relieved as drummer by the deacon, went to Sheboygan with enough men to make up what became Company C of the Fourth Wisconsin.—J. A. Watrous in Chicago Times-Herald.

BEFORE THE RAILROADS.

When Philadelphia Was the Greatest City In the American Colonies.

In 1774 Philadelphia was the largest town in the American colonies. Estimates of the population, which are all we have, differ widely, but it was probably not far from 30,000. A single city now has a larger population than all the colonies possessed in 1774, and there are in the United States today 104 cities and towns of over 30,000 inhabitants. Figures alone, however, cannot express the difference between those days and our own. Now a town of 30,000 people is reached by railroads and telegraphs. It is in close touch with all the rest of the world. Business brings strangers to it constantly, who come like shadows and so depart, unnoticed, except by those with whom they are immediately concerned. It was not so in 1774, not even in Philadelphia, which was as nearly as possible the central point of the colonies as well as the most populous city.

Thanks to the energy and genius of Franklin, Philadelphia was paved, lighted and ordered in a way almost unknown in any other town of that period. It was well built and thriving. Business was active, and the people were thrifty and prosperous and lived well. Yet, despite all these good qualities, we must make an effort of the imagination to realize how quietly and slowly life moved then in comparison to the pace of today.

There in Philadelphia was the center of the postal system of the continent, and the recently established mail coach called the "Flying Machine," not in jest but in praise, performed the journey to New York in the hitherto unequaled time of two days. Another mail at longer intervals crept more slowly to the south. Vessels of the coastwise traffic or from beyond seas came into port at uncertain times and after long and still more uncertain voyages. The daily round of life was so regular and so quiet that any incident or any novelty drew interest and attention in a way which would now be impossible.—Senator Henry Cabot Lodge in Scribner's.

The Original Organ Grinder.

When barrel organs, once the usual accompaniment of the magic lantern, came into use, a native of the province of Tende was one of the first who traveled about Europe with this instrument.

In his peregrinations he collected money enough to enable him to purchase from the king of Sardinia the title of count of the country where he was born—for which, probably, in a time of war he did not pay above 1,000 guineas.

With the remainder of his money he purchased an estate suitable to his rank and settled himself peaceably for the remainder of his days in his mansion.

In the entrance hall of his dwelling he hung up his magic lantern and his organ facing the door, there to be carefully preserved till they moldered to dust, and he ordered by his will that any one of his descendants who should cause them to be removed should forfeit his inheritance and his patrimony revert to the next heir, or, in failure of a successor, to the hospital of Tende.

Only a few years ago the organ and lantern were still to be seen carefully preserved.—Pearson's Weekly.

Why He Left the Stage.

There is in Philadelphia a man who abandoned the theatrical profession because he could not lift Fanny Davenport. He was a member of one of the local stock companies about 20 years ago, when Miss Davenport came to Philadelphia with one of the men of her company sick. She applied to the manager of the theater in which the young man referred to was employed for some one to take the sick man's place, and as the young actor was not in the cast of the play then running his services were loaned to Miss Davenport. He was cast for the part of Caius Lucius in "Cymbeline," and the business of the part required that he should take Miss Davenport in his arms and carry her off the stage. The lady weighed considerably more than he did, and when he attempted to pick her up he found that his strength was not equal to the task. His struggles caused the audience to laugh, and that spoiled a good scene. He was so humiliated that he left the profession after that engagement.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Clara (excitedly)—Well, papa, did the count ask you for me today?

Mr. Millyuns—Ask me for you? Naw! He told me if I wanted to put up margins enough he'd talk business.—Chicago News.

Beginning to Take Notice.

John—So you really think you have some chance of winning her, do you?

Henry—Oh, yes! I feel quite encouraged. She has begun to find fault with my looks.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A GEORGIA HEN COOP.

It Was Sure Proof Against the Inroads of Outsiders.

"There isn't a more faithful being on earth," said a Georgia business man to a reporter, "than one of our Georgia darkies. Neither is there one more superstitious, nor yet again is there one who loves better the products of the hen coop. And Cartersville isn't any different from any one of a hundred southern towns. When I was down there some time ago, a customer of mine who had a fancy for chickens and who had always had more or less trouble in maintaining ownership of them told me he had a remedy and asked me to go around with him and see it. I wanted him to tell me what it was, but he insisted on my seeing it first, so I went along with him, and in a few minutes was standing in his back yard before what was to me the oddest chicken coop I ever saw. It was constructed of large timbers and there were a dozen places in its walls where a hand could be run in and everything cleaned out within reach. Then there was no fastening on the door, nor was there any kind of protection to the fowls. I couldn't understand how such an inviting snap could be of any use to the owner and said as much.

"'The charm is in the timber,' said he.

"'No,' said I.

"'Fact, just the same,' said he. 'You don't see it on the outside and you don't know it, but the darkies around here do, and they won't come within 100 yards of that coop if they can help it. I don't care how full of chickens it is. 'Cause why? It is built of the timbers of a gallows on which a man was hung about three months ago in another county. It cost me something extra to get it, but it has more than paid for itself since I have had it, and I am in the market now to buy all the secondhand scaffolds in Georgia. If you run across a sheriff any place with one for sale, let me know by next mail, won't you, please?'

"It was a true bill," concluded the traveling man, "for I saw a darky tried on it, and he refused a big silver dollar to go down to the coop to get a chicken for breakfast."—Washington Star.

TEAS AND TEAS.

Things Once Used or Now Used as Substitutes For the Chinese Herb.

Of course every one knows that we drink a good deal that isn't tea when we drink a cup of tea. We drink—or are supposed to drink—some tea, some lead and some straw. But there are several "teas" that the drinkers know are not made of tea leaves and yet are not adulterated.

In Peru they drink mate, a tea made from the Ilex paraguensis, a species of holly. This is the only mate tea, but there is a Brazilian tea, gorgonha, called mate there; another tea used in Austria, called Brazilian tea, and several other so called mate teas are made from different varieties of the ilex. In Labrador they make a tea from two species of ledum. Oswego tea was made from the scarlet monarda, and mountain tea from the dwarf evergreen, Gaultheria procumbens. Then clover tea and tansy tea and catnip tea and mint tea are used, though not as beverages.

In Sumatra they use coffee leaves to make tea out of, and the beverage is said to be very refreshing. In Mauritius the leaves of an orchid, Angroecum fragrans, are used. The Tonquinese have teas of their own, made of leaves, berries, barks and woods. The Abyssinians make tea out of the leaves of the Catha edulis. When a sentinel can't leave his post to get a cup of tea, he can chew a leaf or two of this plant, and he won't feel like going to sleep all night. In Tasmania there are said to be more than 200 substitutes for tea; in England they used to make a tea of sage, betony or rosemary and of raspberry leaves; in France they use black currant leaves and borage to make tea, and a century or so ago they gathered in English gardens and fields ash, elder and sloe leaves, and the leaves of whitethorn and blackthorn, out of which to make tea. So it is evident that there are teas and teas.—New York Sun.

Animals' Fright Is Short.

A question that has often been asked is, How long does fright last in a wild creature? The close observer will be surprised at its brief duration. They are not subject to "nerves" like human beings. A partridge after running (or rather flying) the gantlet of half a dozen guns—if we may be allowed a mixed metaphor—drops on the other side of a hedge and begins calmly to peck as if nothing had happened. You would think a rabbit after hearing a charge of shot whistling about its haunches and just managing to escape from a yelping spaniel would keep indoors for a week, but out it pops quite merrily as soon as the coast is clear. A fox pursued by hounds has been known to halt and kill a fowl in its flight, though we may assume that his enemies were not close to Reynard at the time. We have been led into thinking about the matter by noting what took place at a cover after being shot over.—Pall Mall Gazette.

THEY DON'T LIKE PAPER.

Savages at First Contact Regard the Fabric With Suspicion.

When savage people first come in contact with the whites, none of the wonders that they see is regarded with more suspicion than large sheets of paper. The native is apt to regard paper as a sort of cloth, and the fact that it tears easily and is worthless for most of the purposes to which cloth is put convinces him that it is a fraud.

One or two Kongo travelers told of the disgust with which the natives at first regarded paper. The Kongo tribes, by the way, are on the lookout for sharpers, and it is exceedingly hard work for anybody to sell them a bad quality of cutlery or cloth. Savages soon find, however, that paper is not intended to serve the purposes of cloth. Then they cease to look upon it as a fraud, but they do not think it ranks high among white man's manufactures, and they have little use for it.

Some time ago a well known explorer was traveling in the interior of Queensland, Australia, where he met many natives who had never seen a white man before.

One day a crowd of natives was in the white man's camp carefully inspecting the explorer and his baggage when a newspaper happened to drop out of his pocket.

The natives unfolded and spread it out on the ground. They decided that it must be an article of wearing apparel, and one of them tried it on. He wrapped it round his shoulders like a shawl and sat down on the ground, arranging his covering this way and that and watching the faces of the crowd to see what they thought of his elegant garment, covered as it was with many thousands of curious marks.

Presently, however, an accident happened. While the savage was rearranging his shawl and trying to bring the corners together in front of him the garment began to tear at the nape of his neck. A howl from the crowd called attention to the disaster. The blanket, or whatever it was, was evidently made of the poorest sort of material.

The savage took his covering off, examined the mischief he had wrought, made the tear a little longer and then with his finger poked a hole through the paper.

That settled the fact that the article was worthless. The newspaper suddenly lost all interest for the natives, who turned their attention to less destructible objects.—Pearson's Weekly.

BREAKFAST CEREALS.

They Contain Essential Elements For Perfect Nourishment of the Body.

"Cereals and fruits should form the base of breakfast foods," writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer on "Breakfast Cereals and Fruits" in her cooking lesson in The Ladies' Home Journal. "They will support muscular action, preserve the heat of the body and strengthen the brain in its nervous activity. Whole or steel cut oats and whole wheat, from which our nineteenth century bread should be made, contain the essential elements for the perfect nourishment of the human body. The great objection to cereal foods is their difficulty of digestion, not from any fault of the foods, but, first, from lack of time in cooking and, second, from lack of proper mastication. Raw starches are indigestible. The first step, then, toward the digestion of starches is over the fire. Each little cell must be ruptured, and for this long and careful cooking is required. The second step to the digestion of starches is in the mouth. They are there converted from the insoluble starch to soluble sugar. If they are swallowed quickly, without mastication, they miss this digestion, entering the stomach as strangers. This organ not being prepared to receive them, they are cast out into the small intestines to be entirely instead of partly digested. This organ, now compelled to do, in addition to its own duties, the work of the mouth, soon becomes overtaxed, and we have, as a result, the disease most common in this country—intestinal indigestion.

"Of the breakfast cereals steel cut oats head the list. Any of the wheat germ preparations are good. After these come the rolled wheat and barley and rice preparations. All these foods, however, must be thoroughly cooked and eaten without sugar."

The Modern Agnostic.

We look at our churches with their congregations, growing in numbers and dwindling in faith, says H. G. Chapman in The Atlantic, and we ask ourselves: In all these buildings, cheap or costly, what real prayers rise, and of those that rise do any get above the roof? What God hears them and has there ever been an answered prayer? We look at the face of the dead and repeat a burial service. If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me if the dead rise not? And as we say the words we ask ourselves, "Do the dead rise?" And if any one is found who believes these things he knows that there is another at his elbow who believes them not a whit or an atom, and these two can hit on no universe that shall satisfy both, nor can one be poet to the other.

OLD CATERER ON TERRAPIN.

When It Is Ready, the Satisfaction Is In "Eating It All Yourself."

James Prosser, a famous colored caterer of this city, dead long ago, furnished the following formula for preparing and serving terrapin, which was published in a gastronomi journal at the time when he was on earth:

"You can't enjoy terrapin unless the day is nippin. Temperature and terrapin go hand in hand. Now, as to your terrapin. Bless you, there is all the difference in the world in them. The more northerly is the terrapin found the better. You eat a Florida terrapin—you needn't despise it, for terrapin is terrapin everywhere—but you get a Chesapeake one or a Delaware bay one, or, better still, a Long Island one, and there is just the difference between $10 a dozen and $36. Warm water kinder washes the delicate flavor out of them. Don't you let Mr. Bergh know it, but your terrapin must be boiled alive. Have a good big pot, with a hot fire under it, so that he shan't languish, and when it has got on a full head of steam pop him in. What I am goin to give is a recipe for a single one. If you are awfully rich and go in for a gross of terrapin, just use your multiplication table. Just as soon as he caves in watch him and try his flippers. When they part when you pry them with your finger nail, he is good. Open him nicely with a knife. Bilin of him dislocates the snuffbox. There ain't overmuch of it, more's the pity. The most is in the jints of the legs and side lockers, but if you want to commit murder just you smash his gall, and then your terrapin is gone forever. Watch closely for eggs and handle them gingerly. Now, havin got him or her all into shape, put the meat aside. Take three fresh eggs—you must have them fresh. Bile 'em hard and mash 'em smooth. Add to that a tablespoonful of sifted flour, three tablespoonfuls of cream, salt and pepper (red pepper to a terrapin is just depravity) and two wineglasses of sherry wine. Wine as costs $2.50 a bottle ain't a bit too good. There never was a gotega in all Portugal that wouldn't think itself honored to have itself mixed up with a terrapin. Now you want quite a quarter of a pound of the very best fresh butter and put that in a porcelain covered pan and melt it first—mustn't be browned. When it's come to be oily, put in your terrapin, yolks of egg, wine and all. Let it simmer gently. Bilin up two or three times does the business. What you are after is to make it blend. There ain't nothin that must be too pointed in terrapin stew. It wants to be a quiet thing, a suave thing, just pervaded with a most beautiful and natural terrapin aroma. You must serve it to the people that eats it on a hot plate, but the real thing is to have it on a chafin dish, and though a man ought not to be selfish there is a kind of divine satisfaction in eatin it all yourself."—Philadelphia Times.

ANCIENT STUTTGART.

Postal and Traveling Accommodations of the Old German City.

The post relations of ancient Stuttgart were unpretentious. The two maid-servants of the postmaster distributed through the city the daily letters, which they carried in the same basket with the family marketing. Letters were carried out of the city by postilions. There was a number of couriers, and as a surety against mistakes there hung in the post-office, beside the curious mail bags, a huge whip, with which, when the commission had been given to the courier, a powerful blow for the strengthening of his memory was dealt him.

Coaches and post wagons were innocent of any suggestion of comfort—a high, clumsy wooden box was secured by thick leathern straps, and in the cavernous bottom were confined together packages and passengers. Up and down hill, over ruts and rocks, the cumbrous vehicle rattled on its way, the hapless travelers being ever on the defensive against the assaults of tumbling boxes and bundles. And then the weary slowness of the way! Formerly the journey from Stuttgart to Tubingen was made in 12 hours. The same journey is now made in four hours. The postilions alighted to take refreshments when it pleased them, and one traveler has left a dismal record of a journey that he once made, during which the driver took the horses from the carriage and attached them to a hay wagon that had been left mired in the mud. The man drove the wagon into the next village, and when there he joined the grateful neighbors in a carousal, while the tired passengers languished on the dusty country road.—Elise J. Allen in Harper's Magazine.

Lady of the House (to servant girl applying for a situation)—You were in the service of my friend, Baroness K. Why were you sent away?

Servant—Please, ma'am, for listening at the doors.

Lady—Ah, then I will take you, only you must promise to tell me all you heard.—London Fun.

The man who invented the electric rat trap says he can make on the same plan a trap large and strong enough to catch wolves and bears.